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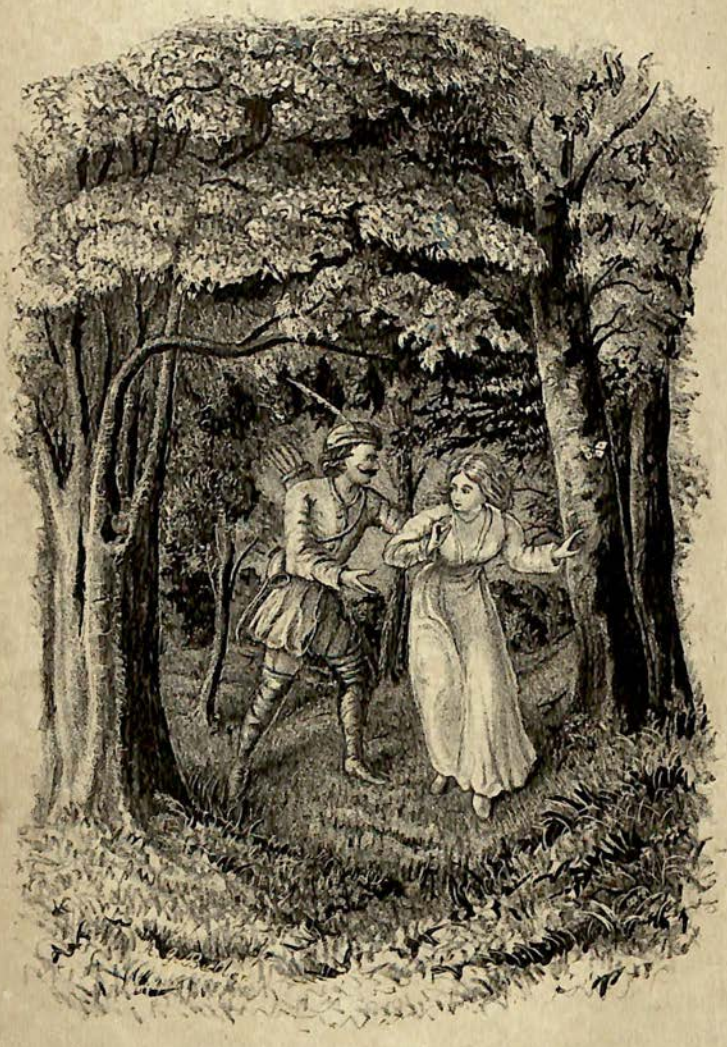

Hungarian Poems and Fables

FOR

English Readers.

61269

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY

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PREFACE.

ENCOURAGED by the favourable notice taken of a former attempt to introduce Hungarian Fables and Poetry to English Readers, the translator ventures to send forth this little volume, containing a few metrical English renderings of Poems by some of the best modern Hungarian poets, as well as several Fables by Fáy and others. Most of the Poems have been already published in the "Comparative Literary Journal," (Összehasonlitó irodalomtörténelmi Lapok,) edited by Drs. S. Brassai and H. Meltzl, at Klausenburg in Transylvania.

The translator desires to express his grateful acknowledgments to the writer of the literary columns in the Hungarian "Sunday Newspaper," (Vasárnapi Ujság,) for several valued suggestions. He has also to thank the editor of the "Pest-Ofen Review," (Budapesti Szemle,) for his encouraging notice. The original of "The Mountain Chapel" (A bérczi kápolna) appeared in this "Review" for March—April of the current year.

The rhythm of the Hungarian poems has in many cases been retained in the English versification.

London, October, 1877.

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Poems.

Poems.

BEAUTIFUL ILONKA. (SZÉP ILONKA.)

(A BALLAD.)

I.

A vadász ül hosszú méla lesben . . .

A HUNTER sits still in the dark forest glade;
His bow and his arrow he ready hath made,
The fleet-footed prey to surprise.
But vainly he waits in his deep shady nook;
The deer is asleep by the cool welling brook,
Whilst the sun ever higher doth rise.

The hunter ne'er moves from his sure hiding place;
He will watch till the twilight hath moved on apace,
Some stroke of good fortune to meet.
And see! there is something at length comes in sight:—
A moth which a maiden, all lovely and bright,
Follows after with light-falling feet.

"O pretty gold butterfly, come to me, pray!
Or hence to thy distant home lead me away,
Where the sun sinks to rest far below!"
Thus saith the fair maid, as she hastily hies
Away o'er the sward in pursuit of her prize;
And she sports on her path like a roe.

The hunter exclaims: "What a true royal chase!"
Then starts from his post to pursue in the race;
And follows the girl in her flight.
Forgetting all else, to o'ertake her he's bent;
While she, unaware, on the moth is intent:
Both in hopes of a fairy delight.

" I've caught thee at last ! " said the maiden with joy,
And laid her fair hand on the fluttering toy.
" Thou'rt caught ! " said the hunter, as well ;
And held forth at once his right hand to the maid,
Who let go the fly ; and, though greatly afraid,
Won his heart by her eyes' magic spell.

II.

Áll-e még az ösz Peterdi háza ? . . .

" Oh ! say; doth the house of the Peterdi stand ?
Its gallant old lord, lives he yet in the land ?"
His house, though decayed, bideth still.
There sits by the wine-cup the vet'ran at rest,
The maid at his side, and the young stranger guest,
Whose bright eyes soft allurement doth fill.

The full-flowing goblets exulting they raise,
Their country's brave deeds and great Hunyad to praise;
But the host becomes sad in his mood.
As he thinks of his land, with its time-honoured name,
And his grey-headed leader of glorious fame,
He sheds tears; as, at Nándor,* his blood.

"And now," saith the host; "a full bumper we'll give:—
May my late leader's son as our monarch long live!"
But mark, how confused is the guest!
He there all-untouched lets his full beaker stand.
"Come, take up the goblet, my lad, in thy hand;
Yield at once to an old man's request."

"'Tis hardly the place of an old man, I trow,
Obsequious homage to striplings to show;
But the hero I urged thee to praise
Will never disgrace what his father hath been."
Now, moved, the youth standeth with dignified mien,
And aloft his full beaker doth raise.

---

* Belgrade; defended by John Hunyades against Mohammed II., July to September, 1456.

"Long, long may the son of our late leader live!
If still to our land his whole heart he shall give:
But, oh! may he hence from our sight,
The moment he leaveth the cause we hold dear:
Far better no monarch, than one insincere,
Who o'erbeareth his people with might."

And thus in the course of gay converse and glee,
Fast flew the glad moments away from the three:
But the maiden felt love's gentle flame;
She gazed on the face of the noble young guest;
And oft the mute longing her bosom opprest,
To know whence he was, and his name.

"In this cup, ere we part, I will bid thee farewell!
Kind host, and thee, flower of the deep-wooded dell.
Oh! that Heaven to Buda may bring
Thee, maid, and thy grandsire, at no distant day:
The hunter, who waits thee, compelled is to stay
At the court of Matthias the king."*

* Matthias I. (Corvinus), King of Hungary, 1458-90.

So the hunter concludes his leave-taking; for, lo!
The bugle horn summons him forth; he must go:
Him no word, no persuasion can bend:
With his hosts he would gladly, but may not remain.
"Brave hunter, remember to come back again,
If our steps to your home do not tend."

Thus modestly faltered Ilonka the fair,
And paused on the hall-step, with diffident air.
The youth, fondly kissing her brow,
Sets forth on his way, 'neath the moon's placid light.
The mansion, though still, no repose hath to-night;
For love's power has waken'd it now.

III.

Föl Peterdi's bájos unokája . . .

THE sire and his grandchild are now on their way,
Their long promised visit to Buda to pay.
As they journey, the old man admires
The many new marvels which ever appear:
While the maiden believes the sweet moment is near,
Of the meeting she fondly desires.

In Buda there's joy; and a numerous throng
Is waiting the monarch victorious and strong,
Who has conquered the neighbouring foe:
'Gainst Bécs,* the proud city, his anger had burned:
And ev'ry true eye now to see him is turned;
But Ilonka's no pleasure doth show.

* Vienna.

"O, where shall we meet with our dear stranger friend?
What favouring fate may his footsteps attend?
Dwells he here, or afar doth he stray
In the depths of the woods, by the fawns' cool retreat?"
Quoth the girl; and her heart with emotion fast beat:
Her blush came, and then faded away.

The Ujlaki onward come galloping now,
And laurel-wreath'd Garras, with war-hardened brow;
Whilst veterans their monarch attend.
Old Peterdi lifts up his voice with surprise,
His guest he can now in the king recognise:—
"On his head may all blessings descend!"

"His bright name and life may all blessing surround!"
Thus rises the welcome their true voices sound,
Which rings to the walls far away.
His name is re-echoed o'er hill and o'er dale;
But, ah! fair Ilonka hath grown deadly pale:
She stands silent and lost in dismay.

"Shall we go to the court of Matthias, my child?
Or, rather return to our own Vertes' wild;
To the home in our hamlet again?
We may there," said the worthy old man, "look for rest."
But foreshadowing grief, as he spake, filled his breast:
And sadly departed the twain.

As the flower, when blighted by inward decay,
Though lovely in aspect, must wither away:
So languished Ilonka the fair,
Avoiding the world, and absorbed in her grief;
From deep hidden sorrow she found no relief;
For memory fed her despair.

So soon to its limit her life's current flowed,
To the tomb fair Ilonka by sorrow was bowed,
Like a lily which droops to the ground.
Virtue's image she showed, and its too frequent fate.—
In the lone house the king stands; but, ah! comes too late;
For they rest 'neath the grave's hallowed mound.

THE APPEAL. (SZÓZAT.)

Hazádnak rendületlenül . . .

In steadfast duty to thy land,
O Magyar, be thou brave!
It bore, it nursed and shelters thee,
And sure, will be thy grave.

Where else, throughout the World's extent,
Wilt thou for refuge fly?
Though Fortune's hand should bless or strike,
Thou here must live and die.

This land is where thy fathers' blood
So oft has freely flowed;
On her a line of holy names
Ten centuries bestowed.

The love of home, brave Árpád's troops
To deeds of valour woke;
And here our gallant Hunyad's arms
The bonds of slavery broke.

In Freedom's cause they high in air
Their blood-stained banners tost,
Though 'neath the long and constant war
Our bravest all were lost.

But e'en in sorrow's hapless hour,
And after ceaseless strife,
Though weaken'd, she is not o'ercome,
The nation still hath life.

She dauntless cries to all the world,
The nations' common land:
"A thousand years of troublous woes
Our life or death demand!"

It cannot be that noble hearts
Have shed their blood in vain!
And true souls numberless been crushed
Beneath their cruel pain.

It cannot be that mind and strength,
With purpose firm and pure,
Should languish ever void of hope,
And direst curse endure.

A better time will surely come,
Ere long must dawn the day
For which unnumber'd trembling lips
To heav'n, with fervour pray.

Or welcome death, if that must be;
For death will glorious grow,
If, poured upon the country's tomb,
Her children's heart's-blood flow.

And should our nation be o'erthrown,
All peoples will draw near;
And from the eyes of countless men
Will fall the bitter tear.

O Magyar! to thy native home
Be constant and be brave!
It gave thee birth, and should'st thou fall,
Its turf will clothe thy grave.

Where else throughout the world's extent,
Wilt thou for shelter fly?
Though Fortune's hand should bless or strike,
Thou here must live and die!

HOMELESS. (HONTALAN.)

Járatlan utakon ki jársz . . .

O THOU, who striv'st thy path to find;
With bosom bared to storm and wind;
Along this cheerless way:
Say; who art thou, wan son of woe,
And what stern unrelenting foe
Hath forced thee here to stray?

"O, let me wander o'er these hills,
Though ev'ry blast my bosom chills;
For 'tis my lot to rove.
But hopeless is it to assuage
The storms within my breast that rage,
Which naught can e'er remove."

Then wert thou rich ? hath cruel fate
Snatched from thy grasp thy whole estate ?
Doth want thy soul oppress ?
"Ay me ! and to be rich is well ;
Yet, fortune's loss, though dire and fell,
I bear without distress."

Within thy heart were haply laid
The names of friend and faithful maid ;
And they have left thee now ?
" Perfidious friend, or maid untrue,
Are woes this bosom never knew ;
Both faithful, now lie low."

Lie low ?—doth then a well-loved boy,
Or darling wife, thy chiefest joy,
Repose the grave beneath ?
"All whom I loved in Hades sleep ;
But still the heart is great and deep,
And conquers even death."

Thou bear'st, alas! a heavy load:
But hast thou swerved from honour's road,
And thus disgraced thy name?
"My shield is scarr'd with ev'ry brand;
Yet, as I suffer for my land,
I count it costly shame."

Ha! thou'rt an exile forced to roam;
And, for thy zeal, thy native home
This harsh requital gives?
"E'en for that exile there remains
A home, midst all his bitter pains,
Whose nation thrives and lives;"—

"But those to whom I fealty owe
Are gone;—my fatherland is low,
And ne'er can rise again.
Ten thousand griefs my heart assail;
A slaughter'd nation I bewail,
This, all my source of pain."

THE FORSAKEN MOTHER.

(AZ ELHAGYOTT ANYA.)

Ismérek egy édes; ah! árva anyát . . .

I KNOW a fond mother; alas! left alone;
Who, lost in her sorrow, can nothing but moan;
Yet though her own daughters away from her fly;
Ever yearning she utters this sorrowful cry:—

"Return, O my children, receive the caress
Of your mother, whose hands are uplifted to bless;
Return! O return! is your fond mother's cry;
No longer in solitude leave her to sigh.
Return, O my children, receive my embrace;
Your presence would banish all tears from my face.

"I bore you to being, and rocked you to rest,
Your infancy's life was sustained at my breast;
'Twas I in your childhood held watchful control,
Ere infant intelligence woke in your soul.

The sun that I caused on your waking to shine,
Beam'd ne'er on another land bright as on mine;
And I in your faces that witching charm laid,
Which hearts without number its captives has made.
Your beautiful form and your bosom so fair
Are all but the proofs of my sedulous care.
The honey of Eden I gave you to eat,
Which, even in sorrow, is solacing meat;
I gave you, moreover, your charms to enhance,
The bright star of love in your eyes' sparkling glance,
Whose ray may be mild as the softness of spring,
Or fierce as the lightning with death on its wing.
I gave you my beauty, of all held most dear,
In hope the sweet words: 'Belov'd mother' to hear,
And that utt'ring this name you would glad me for aye,
And never forsake me in sorrow's dark day.
Return! O return, at your mother's fond cry;
No longer in solitude leave her to sigh.
Return! O my children, receive my embrace;
Your presence would banish all tears from my face."

Imploring thou speakest, but ah ! 'tis in vain :
There's no one who cometh to solace thy pain.
Fate hunteth her sons, and she fears for their life ;
Alas ! and all woes with her daughters are rife.

Thus prostrate and lonely in sorrow she lies,
While hot tears of anguish flow fast from her eyes ;
And as her tried soul looks to heaven for pow'r
To win through the pains of the mother's dread hour ;
Her heart-throes her passionate yearning betray,
And with every pulsation, life ebbeth away.

* * *

How sad is this picture of thee, dearest home ;
Unfeeling indeed are thy children who roam.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

(REMÉNY EMLÉKEZET.)

Éltünk' rögös határain . . .

Two great spirits aye are calling,
On life's hard, rugged strand;
Clouds about their path are falling,
Yet each holds forth a hand.
Though their summons seem alluring,
Comfort gains no spell enduring
From Hope or Memory's wand.

'Neath the wing which Mem'ry waving,
Spreads darkly o'er the past,
Phantoms float thy thoughts enslaving,
And bind thy bosom fast.
Still for pleasures gone thou yearnest,
Midst past pains new griefs thou learnest,
Which fright thy soul aghast.

Hope enveil'd in azure cov'ring,
Far, far before thee strides,
Beck'ning on; yet further hov'ring,
She ne'er thy coming bides.
Ere thy foot the flutt'rer neareth,
Lo! thy journey's end appeareth:
Life swiftly from thee glides.

Fear no ill, nor hope for blessing,
From past or future days;
Pause the present joy caressing,
Which careless laughs and plays.
Though its form a cloud concealeth,
Soon a change its face revealeth,
And all its smile betrays.

THE DESERTED DWELLING.

(AZ ELHAGYOTT LAK.)

Áll a kis lak pusztán, ridegen . . .

See; the cottage deserted now stands,
And the weeds o'er its courtyard appear;
When a stranger comes by and demands
At the wicket-gate: "Ho! who is here?"

"Who is here?" yet again must he call;
But none living responds to the sound;
For, behold! nor in house, nor in stall,
Is the semblance of life to be found.

The glad path to the wicket direct,
Which once welcom'd the wayfarer's feet,
Is, alas! all obscured through neglect,
And his gaze the rank weeds alone meet.

The cross-beam of the well seems to sigh,
As it swings o'er the shaft's ruined walls,
Whilst the chill wintry blast bloweth high,
And the bucket's creak mournfully falls.

How oft trembles the desolate cot!
Through its windows the dreary winds moan:
E'en by day, children flee from the spot;
And by night, robbers leave it alone.

HOME. (ITTHON.)

Mint a madár a fészkére . . .

Birds must seek a leafy dwelling;
Travellers parch'd, a cool spring's welling;
Babes, their mother's fond embraces;
I, the group of loving faces.

When I hear my children's voices,
How this world of mine rejoices;
Though without 'tis gloomy growing,
Here the stars are alway showing.

Sparkling eyes and smiling faces,
Much I love these cheering graces;
When I'm o'er my threshold treading,
Lustre on my life they 're shedding.

Lighter feels my heart and younger,
Ev'ry little joy grows stronger;
Harmless pleasures here have found me.
Fairy-like they sport around me.

Cease I now from all forecasting;
Nor to meet the future hasting,
Doubt's vexatious burden borrow,
Turning present joy to sorrow.

But with child-like heart confiding,
Rest I, in this thought abiding,
That our Father all doth cherish,
Nor will leave His own to perish.

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

(A VÁNDOR DALA.)

Szülöföldem szép határa . . .

SWEET home of my parents and all I hold dear!
When again will thy beautiful borders appear?
Wherever I wander o'er valley and hill,
The love of my country remains with me still.

From ev'ry bright warbler that hither doth roam,
I ask with fond longing: "How fares it with home?"
And implore that this prayer a swift answer may find,
From the white-wingéd clouds and the whispering wind.

They do not console me; I wander alone,
Like a desolate orphan, who cannot but moan.
There's nothing around me that comfort can give;
On a hard desert rock the grass barely can live.

Belov'd little cottage, wherein I was born!
Alas! that from thee I so far should be torn.
To regions remote I have wandered astray,
Like a leaf by the whirling winds drifted away.

THE AUTUMN. (AZ ÖSZ.)

Itt van az ösz, itt van ujra . . .

HAIL! thou sweet autumnal season,
Ever full of charms to me;
Though I scarce can tell the reason
Of my fervent love for thee.

Here upon the hill-top seated,
I can cast my eyes around;
While the trees with sigh repeated,
Shake their leaf-loads to the ground.

Yonder o'er the landscape moving,
Beams the sun, with radiance mild,
As a mother fondly loving,
Gazes on her slumb'ring child.

So the earth, when winter neareth,
Sinks to rest, she does not die;
Ev'ry sign of health she beareth,
E'en though languor dim her eye.

Nature, ere that she reclineth,
All her vesture puts away;
When spring's morning o'er her shineth,
She will walk in new array.

Slumber now is o'er thee stealing,
Lovely Nature; close thine eyes!
Pleasing shades, their forms revealing,
Soon thy raptured soul surprise.

Now my fingers, gently moving,
Stray the tender chords among:
While my voice, in accents loving,
Softly sings thy cradle song.

Stay, my Love! and, silence keeping,
List to all my tender lay;
Which like zephyr softly sweeping,
Passes o'er yon lake away.

If thou kiss me, let love's token
On my lips be gently prest;
Nor a word by thee be spoken:
Wake not Nature from her rest!

WEARY. (FÁRADT VAGYOK.)

Fáradt vagyok mint az üldözött vad . . .

FAINT as the deer that the hunters pursue;
Parch'd is my soul, as a field without dew;
While thy bright charms, like the sun's potent ray,
Fire me, consuming youth's promise away!

Let me but rest in thy locks' pleasant shade;
Heal with caresses the wounds thou hast made:
May thy kiss soothe with restorative balm,
Bringing dreams, fair as Aurora's blest calm!

Dost thou not feel the enchantments of Spring?
Quivers the air, flits the moth on the wing;
Flower to floweret bows to the ground;
While, as fond kisses, bird-twitterings sound.

Why should thy words then thy heart disavow?
Canst thou alone feigned indifference show?
Heed not the world nor its trammeling care:
Hearken to Nature, God speaks to thee there!

THE MOUNTAIN CHAPEL.

(A BÉRCZI KÁPOLNA.)

Sürü erdön, vad bérczletön . . .

On yon dense-wooded mountain wild,
Where hardly grass may grow,
A little chapel, sentry-like,
O'erlooks the vale below.

Say, little chapel, if thou canst,
What mortal placed thee here?
Did some fair devotee, in faith,
Or grief, thy walls uprear?

None here, oppress'd with burden'd soul,
Before thy altar falls:
The dismal silence reigning round
Eternally, appals.

"There's life on these wild mountain peaks;
Who built me, ask thou not!
A prayer, ascending to the skies,
Hath reached this hallow'd spot.

"The loneliness need ne'er appal;
A calm retreat is mine:
The mother blest and holy child
Have here their sacred shrine.

"The wanderer and fugitive,
Who pass along this way,
Unconsciously look up at me,
And pause below to pray.

"The faltering waverer meditates,
Till better thoughts arise;
Then, cheering all his trackless path,
Fresh hope new strength supplies."

* * *

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(A VIRÁG ÉS A PILLIKE.)

Kicsike—Pillike . . .

Once a small
Butterfly
On a flower posed;
When the flower
Quickly its
Fair petals closed.

"Butterfly!
Long for thee
Hath my soul craved;
Torments I've
Suffered by
Loneness enslaved!

" Ardent and
Chivalrous
Wooed I the wind;
Which Morn and
Even was
Sportive inclined.

" But seeing
Others her
Favours partake:
Spurning her
Since, I now
Love to thee make.

" Here wilt thou
Ever from
Weariness rest?
Grief may not
Wound thee when
Laid on my breast.

"Here shalt thou
Lean on a
Soft pollen bed,
And thy gay
Dress be with
Perfume o'erspread."

"Ah!" said the
Butterfly;
"No anger show,
Liberty
Must I have,
Pray, let me go!

"Great though my
Joy that I
Thee have caress'd;
All that I
Came for was
Merely to rest.

"Back to the
Meads again
Now would I fly;
Liberty
Must I have,
Or I shall die.

"Nurtured in
Slavery,
Haply for thee
This highest
Blissfulness
Never may be.

"Pleasure's sun,
Wanting it,
Soon fades away.
Mortals e'en
Life will for
Liberty pay.

"Loveliest
Picture of
All they hold good:
Gladly for
This will they
Shed their heart's blood.

"Fragrant and
Charming flower!
No anger show;
Liberty
Must I have;
Pray let me go!"

Sad, the flower
Heard, and his
Petals outspread:
Swift away
Now the bright
Butterfly sped.

Pensively
Drooping his
Globular crown,
Deep was the
Grief the flower's
Tremor made known.

Liberty's
Joys are for
Others he sees;
Ay, for the
Bird and the
Wandering breeze.

Through the night
Dreams he of
Liberty's song:
Forests and
Meadows its
Echoes prolong.

Feels he the
Angel of
Liberty's kiss:
Wakes then to
Find it but
Vanishing bliss.

Silently
Weeping, the
Flow'ret we view.
What are those
Pearly drops?
What, but the dew.

HOW FAIR. (BE SZÉP.)

Be szép az öszi reggel . . .

How fair the Autumn morn!
Her dress she loves to show;
And wreaths of diamonds she wears,
To deck her queenly brow.

How bright the Poet's lot,
When round him fancy plays!
Who weaves a robe of varied hues,
That gleams with jewell'd rays.

How dull the Autumn morn!
The mist clothes all around;
Whilst hard and frozen rayless beads,
In lieu of gems are found.

How sad the Poet's fate!
When sorrow clouds his mind;
In caverns dark he searcheth deep,
The gems of thought to find.

BALMY SLEEP. (ÉDES ÁLOM.)

Koldusok istápolója . . .

THOU, who canst all sorrows cover,
O'er the hapless beggar hover:
True and only friend remaining
Balmy Sleep, hear my complaining!

On thy wings may I be carried
To thy realm of visions varied:
To a world than this more pleasing,
All my heart's desire appeasing.

There, to graceful damsel lead me,
Ay, to one who'll deign to heed me;
Haply may some fairy maiden
Love the poor and sorrow-laden.

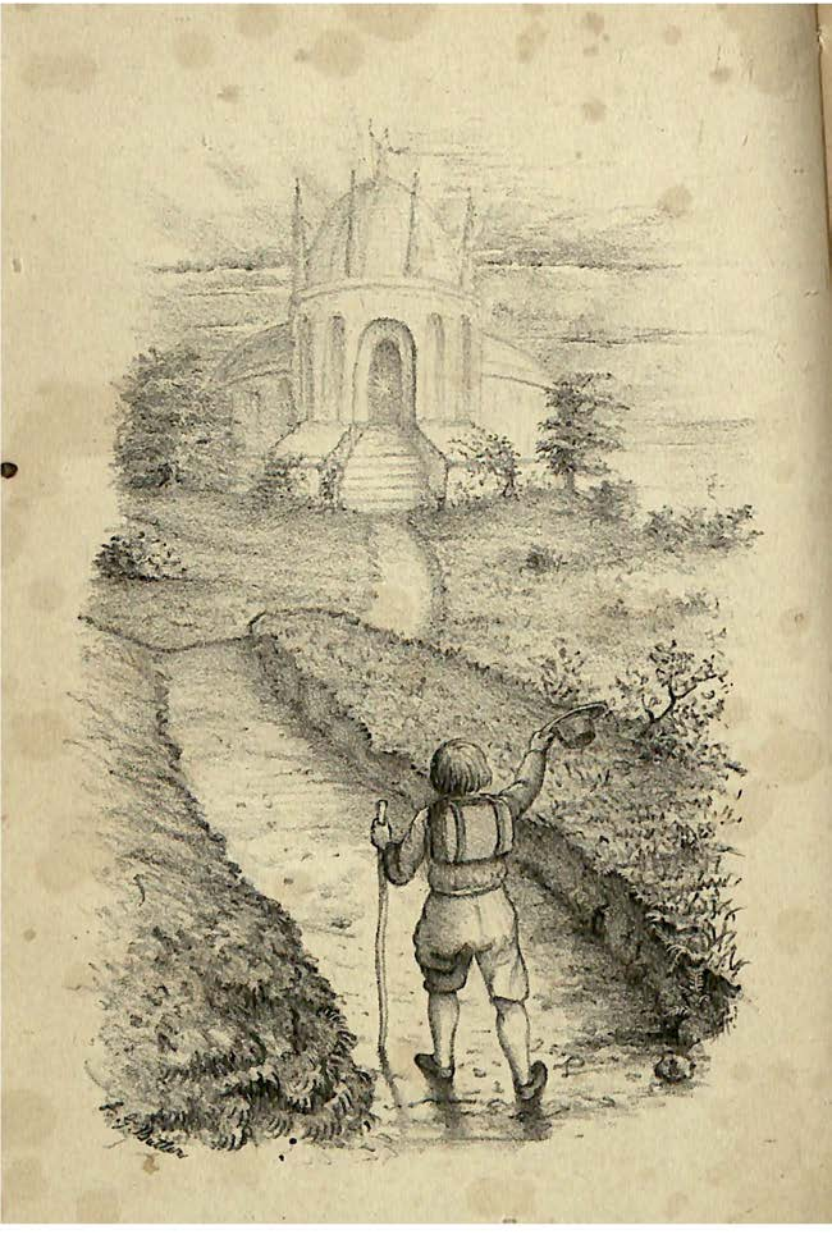
Or, to friendly hostel guide me.
Where the best companions bide me;
If to such thou canst commend me,
Where they all I need would lend me.

All thy blessings on me lavish;
Let thy world my senses ravish;
Where alluring dainties endless
Run to meet the poor and friendless.

Where the fairest forms are swaying,
Like May chafers round me playing;
And whichever most enrapture,
Prove, to me, an easy capture.

Grant the clime may not be cruel;
Send abundant winter fuel:
Give me, since I all am wanting;
Rich supplies, no pleasure scanting.

Fables and Allegories.



Fables and Allegories.

THE WAY OF WISDOM IN LIFE.

An Allegory.

(BÖLCSESSÉG ÚTJA AZ ÉLETBEN.)

A Mohammedan magician summoned his four sons to his death-bed; and, with faint expiring breath, thus addressed them.

"Do you, my sons, after my death, set out on a journey towards the East, and continue to travel onwards, until you arrive at the Temple of Wisdom, which is on the sloping side of a hill in the pleasant Vale of Zita: there the philosopher's stone is preserved for you, in the acquisition of which lies the secret of perfect happiness;—strive, therefore, to obtain it. Your road will pass through the midst of

my friends and relatives, who will give you a cordial welcome, if you visit them; and two shining stars will be your guides on the cross-roads. Take with my parental blessing this counsel:—do not too eagerly hurry onwards; but let no day pass, without making some progress." Having said this, he breathed his last.

On the following day, the four sons started on their road. The eldest made extensive preparations; "for," said he, "the journey is long and of uncertain duration; I shall need abundant food, clothing and other requisites, on account of the various changes of weather. Let me be rather superfluously provided, than suffer any want. How I shall laugh then at my more needy brothers, who, having plenty for the present, now sneer at me!" And, having said this, he pressed still more into his already heavily-laden sack.

The second son laughed loudly at him for his carefulness, and thus addressed him: "Have you forgotten, that we shall travel amongst cordial friends and relatives? Surely, for such a journey, a cheerful mind and lively disposition are all-

sufficient." And, with heedless gaiety, he grasped his lyre, as the only requisite for his journey.

The third son thought all preparation unworthy of his care, put a few books in his pocket as his travelling companions; and either forgot or strove to forget to take anything else with him, as being only so much trivial superfluous lumber, and mere hindrances to his lucid reflections.

The fourth son girt a sword on his thigh for his defence, slung his bag over his shoulder, filled with a few portable and necessary things; and with buoyant hope, grasped his pilgrim's staff in his right hand.

They started forth on their journey: but had not proceeded far before the eldest son, under his oppressive burden, began to lag behind; and soon lost from view his advancing brothers. But surely then he will throw away that which is superfluous? By no means; at the houses of the various relatives, who were exceedingly hospitable to our travellers, he even further added to his original luggage, which, moreover, through his fear of want, had diminished but little. Its weight, combined with

his care and anxiety, made him ill ere the journey was half completed; days, weeks, months elapsed, before he could proceed.

The second brother's journey was like a continuous marriage festival. Dancing, music and loud merriment were heard wherever he turned his steps; wild extravagances, dissolute pleasures and feasts, lewd songs, and tipsy companions soon caused him to forget the object of his journey. At one time, banquets ordered on his behalf; at another, weariness resulting from the same, delayed his onward course: as a light-hearted guest he was both cordially retained and glad to remain.

The third son, at the very first cross-road, began to doubt the guidance of the two stars. "Shall I continue my road," said he, "following such a dubious glimmer, and sacrifice my present happiness for an uncertainty? And what if the stars should prove but an *ignis fatuus* and lead to a morass?" Thus he mused, at first by himself, and then he communicated his doubts to his brothers; and, with them, reasoned away all pious intention and right feeling as to the twin guiding stars.

So he took the compass as a more certain director, and the brighter stars of the sky; and following their supposed guidance, wandered hither and thither over desert sands and forest wilds. Bogs, ponds, morasses, chasms of dizzying depth and inaccessible rocks, at length barred his further progress, and forced him to return. The miseries of hunger and thirst, lacerating thorns and beasts of prey alarmed him, and rendered his advance difficult. He was still far, far away from the wished-for object of his journey.

The fourth traveller proceeded joyously on his way. He visited and cordially saluted his relations and his father's friends, gladly tarrying a short time with them; but, mindful of the aim of his journey, he made daily some progress forward. He stooped to pluck the roses which showed themselves to the right and left of his path; and, in the fragrance of their perfume, easily forgot the slight scratches of the thorns. On doubtful roads, he faithfully and without wavering followed the guidance of the two stars; and, behold! the charming Vale of Zita, with its scented meads, lies before him, in all its

smiling beauty; while, on its hill, the Temple of Wisdom, with its open portals, stands full in view. With assured confidence, our traveller steps in; and finds on the altar (reserved for him) the Philosopher's Stone. He takes it in his hand; receiving with it the reward of pious contentment and tranquil happiness.

After much wandering and rambling about, the reasoning brother also arrives at last, worn out with fatigue. But instead of the longed-for treasure, he reads the following inscription over the altar:—"*Mortal! There are two guides in life; Sound Reason and Conscience: if thou despisest their guidance, thou wilt fall far from wisdom and happiness.*"

The heavily-laden traveller arrived still later; with panting breath he laid down his heavy sack and hastened towards the wished-for object. But for him the following was written over the altar:—"*Treasure and possessions are heavy burdens; their increase only creates thirst for more: but collect them, mortal, in what heaps thou mayest, thou wilt never be able with them to purchase that wisdom and happiness, from which by their weight thou hast been withheld.*"

Pale as a spectre, with the weariness arising from dissipation, and with cadaverous, sunken eyes, the debauchee, painfully tottering on, arrived at last. With feeble, trembling gait, he steps upon the sacred threshold; but starts back in dismay upon reading above the altar:—"*Mortal! he who hastes to live, rarely lives happily: He who noisily squanders away his life, rarely attains to joy. He alone is truly wise and happy, who avails himself of those pleasures, which are never followed by any feeling of remorse.*"

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THE YOUNG CRANE. (A FIATAL DARU.)

A WHOLE colony of cranes were one autumn migrating; the eldest leading the way. But the wedge-shaped body continued to make such slow progress, that the younger cranes began to grow impatient at its lazy loitering.

"Let me go to the head of the column," said at length the most impetuous amongst them; "at this rate we shall not be home before the end of winter."

He undertakes the direction, and the hindermost group dart forwards after him with the rapidity of lightning. But the young guide soon begins to gasp for breath, his vigour to fail, and his weary heart to grow oppressed.

"Dear friend," implored he, in penitent tones, "take the guidance again. I see now, that youth is only fit for quick and fiery action; but that the direction of continuous and enduring work befits the experience of age."

MERIT. (ÉRDEM.)

A MARTEN fell into conversation with a fox.

"Neighbour," said he to him, "I must really be a noble animal, for the sportsmen strive so hard to obtain me. Alas! in this wilderness, who can properly estimate our worth?"

"Indeed! the sportsmen know it only too well!" replied the fox, with a scornful leer; "for they flay our skin, whilst they throw us ourselves into the snow."

That which blind Fortune has bestowed upon us is not the fruit of our personal efforts. If we are only skin-deep, we are not worthy of esteem.

THE WINGED HORSE. (SZÁRNYAS LO.)

AN eagle was wheeling about over the head of a spirited foal.

"Ah! would that I too might at some time be the possessor of wings! Then, from the North to the

South, and from the East to the West, would I cleave my way through the air!"

"Get rid of that idea!" says his mother; "a certain ancestor of thine, the sacred Pegasus, was endowed with wings; but wide roving brought about his death!"

ANTIPATHY. (ELLENSZENV.)

"I DO not know what the sensation is that I feel within myself, when I see a cat;" said a little mouse to a rat. "Whether it be that I cannot bear the sight of her whiskers, that her scent is disagreeable, or that there is any natural antagonism existing between us, I do not know; but at any rate, I am delighted not to see her."

"It is fear, without doubt, my good cousin, and nothing else;" answered the rat, with a smile.

THE MAGPIE AND THE DOVE.
(A SZARKA ÉS GALAMB.)

A MAGPIE took a malicious pleasure in teazing an inoffensive dove; and was for a long time derisively annoying her upon the house-roof. But the dove bore all her taunts with calm indifference.

"Helpless long-sufferer," said the magpie at length, losing all patience; "I see now the truth of that which up to this time I was loth to believe; that you do not possess the sensation of anger."

"And what would it avail me;" said the gentle bird; "seeing that nature has not endowed me with adequate strength to render it effectual; the utmost that I could do, would be to coo very crossly."

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE. (KÖZ BIZODALOM.)

A FOX was haranguing his companions in the animal world, on the common welfare of the animal kingdom.

"Oh! how excellently, how admirably does the accursed creature speak!" said a sheep. "Would that we were only able to trust him!"

THE HARE AND THE JAY.

(A NYÚL ÉS A SZAJKÓ.)

A JAY was scolding a hare, which had scampered out of the forest, for leaving its cosy, dry quarters in the underwood.

"Go back," said she; "out here, the cold autumn rains will chill you."

"Thank you for your advice," replied the hare; "but inside the wood there, the withered leaves and rain keep dropping down from the trees; and hearing them, I think of the arts of the sportsman and his dogs, and tremble. Surely the constant dread of misfortune is much more painful than the actual experience of it."

THE STORK AND THE DUCK.

(A GÓLYA ÉS RÉCZE.)

A STORK was once anxiously running to and fro, at the sight of a young sportsman.

"Gentle creature," said a wild duck, from out of her bed of rushes; "what have you to fear; neither is your flesh good for food, nor are your feathers of any use; therefore do not disturb yourself; the sportsman's devices are more likely to be directed against me."

"Not so, my friend," replies the stork, "the sportsman, I see, is young, and may perhaps take it into his head, to try his gun upon me. Believe me, the most peaceable disposition is no protection against malice and predetermined mischief."

THE RACE. (A PÁLYA-FUTÁS.)

Two athletes started to run on the Olympian Course. One of them prudently husbanded his strength,

whilst the other overtaxed it at the very outset, and consequently became more and more exhausted, whilst the first was ever increasing his speed. This one was wise!

At the end of the course, he triumphantly held the garland aloft before the eyes of the applauding multitude; but he who had hurried at the commencement, fell down exhausted in the middle of the course.

Youths, do not haste to live!

THE BEAR DANCE. (A MEDVE-TÁNCZ.)

A STROLLING Italian had an ape and a bear, which he made to dance before the crowd, to the sound of a pipe. Bruin had once just finished his tiresome dance, and with exhausted body and gloomy spirits, was resting himself, when the silly ape leaped upon him, and with a loud laugh thus addressed him:

"I should pity you, but I really can't; for when I see your venerable, serious face and dignified figure,

combined with your clumsy, heavy dance, I am obliged to laugh myself almost to death."

"How very foolish and frivolous!" growled the bear; "I dance, because I am forced to dance, under protest and against my will, as one whose mind as well as his body rebels against it; but you dance through your slavish existence with wanton pleasure, as one whose mind is too craven to comprehend his lot, or is unworthy of a better one. This is the difference between us. Well, I do not envy you. The slavish dance may suit you; but I for my part cannot endure it."

My Hungarian friend, with which will you hold, with the bear or the ape?

THE CHILD AND THE CAT.

(A GYERMEK ÉS A MACSKA.)

A FARMER's child was once teazing a cat, by offering her a mouthful of cheese, and then mischievously snatching it away from her. The mouse-catcher

after a time slunk away; but soon sidled back again, unobserved, to her tormentor; when just as he was about to take a fresh piece into his mouth, she, making a dexterous spring, tore it out of the crying child's hand, and then, eagerly snapping it up, ran off with it.

"See, my son," said the father to the weeping lad; "repeated deception teaches others to deceive."

CONDESCENSION OF THE GREAT.

(NAGYOK LEERESZKEDÉSE.)

A TOM-CAT was boasting everywhere, that the lion, whom he had visited during an illness, had received him as a relation.

"And had he no favour to ask of you?" inquired the cunning fox.

"Well, yes," replied Master Tom; "a rat, which had made its way into his den, continually disturbed the invalid's rest, on which account he begged me to put an end to the tormentor."

"I thought as much directly," answered Reynard, "for the condescension of the great is seldom above suspicion, and generally shows that they stand in some need of us."

THE CROW AND THE RAVEN.

(A VARJÚ ÉS HOLLÓ.)

"It is incomprehensible to me," said a crow, "that whilst the kite, kestrel, buzzard, and sparrow-hawk are constantly so coquettishly praising one another, they either do not speak of the noble falcon, or only allow him now and then a little doubtful praise."

"That is quite natural, cousin," replied a raven; "you see, they are birds of an inferior rank, whose common interest it is to support one another, lest they should be entirely sunk in oblivion. It is not difficult for them, in their common mediocrity, to deal in mutual praise; but the falcon, cousin, is by himself worth more than all of them together."

THE BRICKMAKER'S PUBLIC SPIRIT.

(TÉGLAVETŐI KÖZSZELLEM.)

"I HOPE that this fine dry weather may last a few weeks longer!" cried a brickmaker, at a season of great drought.

"But, my friend," exclaimed a countryman, who was standing near him; "my ass has been braying for rain. Say; which of you has spoken most for the public good?"

How much more a good-natured fool is worth, than a mean selfish person!

THE LYNX AND THE FOX.

(A HIÚZ ÉS RÓKA.)

"How I should like to have your sharp sight!" said the fox to the lynx.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the latter, "that

your base spirit should be strengthened with a new weapon; I would rather surrender my eyes to the lion, in order that he might better see through those that surround him, than to such a cunning courtier as you are!"

CIRCUMSPECTION.

(OVATOSSÁG.)

At the selection of a judge, the sparrow proposed the little summer-wren.

"Of what use am I?" said he; "we know that one of the powerful crook-bills will cause himself to be chosen, and whichever of them it may be, he will be able to gobble us up; seeing that they all alike feed on the flesh of small birds. If I make no choice in the matter, the judge will at any rate not be able afterwards to say, that I myself made him the disposer of my flesh."

THE ASS AND THE FOAL.

(A SZAMÁR ÉS A CSIKÓ.)

An ass, forced to trudge round and round in a certain place upon a well-worn path, was turning the windlass of a well. A spirited foal, with ears pricked up, looked in at the open door.

"You fickle, wanton creature, you would hardly be the stuff for such labour as this!" began long-ears, addressing him with scorn.

"It is true, that it is just the work for an ass," says the foal. "But, pray, which of you is really the machine—you, my friend, or that wheeled affair?"

Restrictions and officialism are the coffin of genius.

THE HEDGEHOG.

(A SÜNDISZNÓ.)

"WHAT can be the reason," said the hare, "that the hedgehog has no friends? every one turns aside from him."

(After Richter.)

"The reason for that is easy to discover," said the marmot; "no one comes near him, through fear of being pierced."

THE DIVINE PROTECTION.

An Allegory.

(AZ ISTENI IGAZGATÁS.)

A wandering Mussulman was toiling along his weary path across the deserts of Africa, and the fierce rays of the sun were beating down upon his head, whilst his feet were blistered by the scorching sand. At length, quite exhausted, he threw himself down beneath the shade of a solitary tree.

"What can be the use of such heat as this!" murmured he in his distress. "Great Allah! hide, oh, hide thy sun from my gaze, and let me no longer be troubled with its presence."

To his astonishment, the sun became at once overcast, whilst dense clouds collected together, and frequent gusts of wind foretelling the approaching rain, blew with such violence as nearly to suffocate him. A storm soon afterwards burst over his head, whereupon the delighted traveller in trembling

accents offered up his thanks to Allah, and revived in the cooling shower. But the rain continued to pour down with unabated fury, until the leaves of the tree under which he was sitting were saturated, and allowed the water to drip through upon his clothes; there was no other place where he could find shelter, and so they soon became wringing wet. Without the heat of the sun, which had now departed, it would, of course, be impossible for him to dry his soaked garments; whilst the constant, cutting wind which accompanied the rain caused a cold shiver to run through the frame of the drenched Mussulman.

Days, weeks passed away, and still there appeared to be no hope of this wretched weather improving, for the wind and rain continually succeeded each other. "Oh, fool that I am!" exclaimed the traveller, having at last lost all patience: "a short time since I was cursing the sun, and now I am obliged to pray for its reappearance, as for a blessing. Merciful Allah! let me see thy sun again; and shield me for the remainder of my journey from this terrible rain."

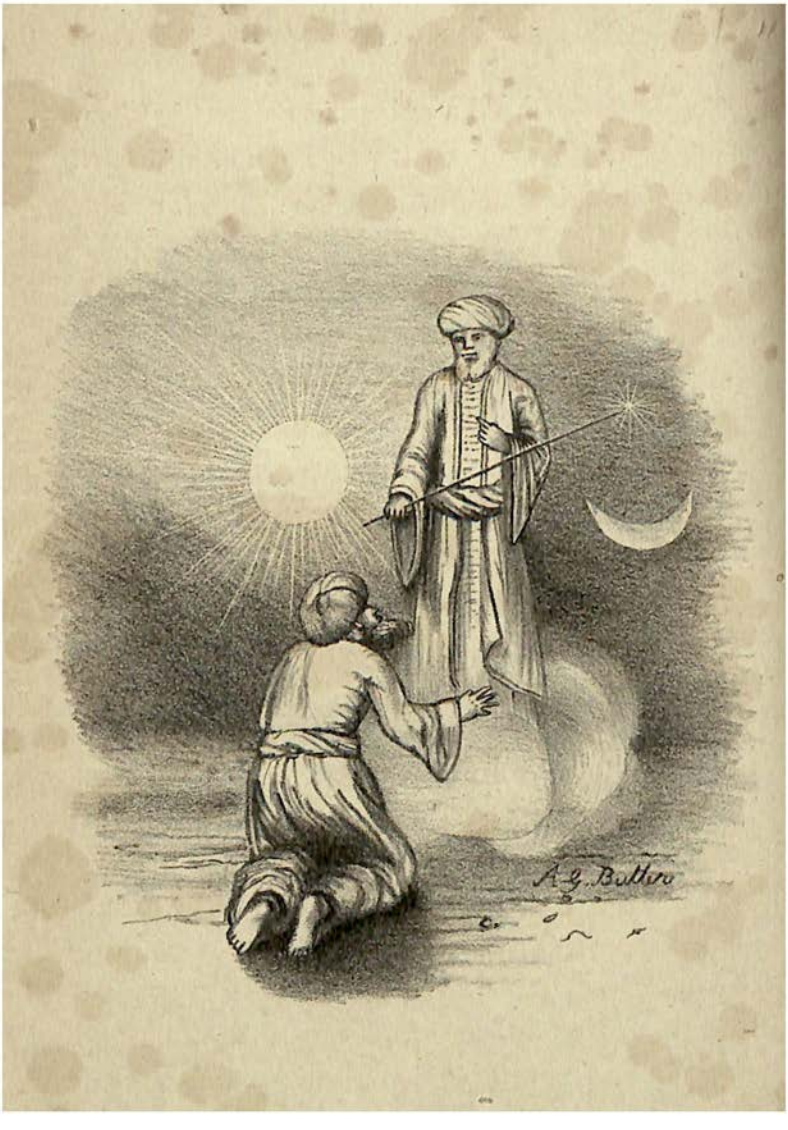
His appeal was again listened to;—the clouds dispersed, a rainbow broke out across the vault of

heaven, and the sun, like a beloved queen returning from a cruel captivity, shone forth with her welcome brilliancy.

"Thanks be to thee, great Allah!" cried the Mussulman, prostrating himself upon the earth; and then, having dried his garments in the sun, he strolled leisurely onwards, and in a few days reached the Libyan Desert.

Here, parched with thirst from the excessive heat, he looked in every direction for a spring of water. In vain! A dry, dreary waste of sand covered the whole expanse around him, as far as the eye could reach. He turned to the right and left, searching for any inviting foliage or tracks of animals as indications of a spring not far off. But his search proved quite unavailing, for there was not a single tree to be seen anywhere, nor was there a footprint visible in the sand. His tongue now began to grow dry from the heat, and his eyes to glaze; and, in despair, he laid himself down by the side of a withered, stunted shrub.

"Merciful Allah! grant me thy forgiveness for my folly," groaned the unhappy man. "I cursed


A. G. Bellucci

the rain, bring, oh! bring it back again, that I may slake my burning thirst!"

But now he saw no sign of compassion, and in this agony of mind sleep fell upon his weary eyelids. And, behold! a heavenly apparition, clad in dazzling white, with the moon on his left hand and the sun on his right, descended towards the slumberer, and with a rod which he held in his right hand touched the traveller's brow, and at the touch our wanderer started up from his swoon endued with the strength of a giant. Fixing his eyes in amazement upon the heavenly vision, he cried with gasping voice,

"Who art thou?"

"Great Allah's messenger," replied the spirit, sternly.

Then a conscious tremor crept over the Mussulman. "It is Allah, whose forbearance thou hast already thrice tried with thine unworthy complaints. He is too compassionate to punish thy folly; and see, yet once again will he grant thee the rain which thou hast cursed!"

"Learn then, mortal, from thine own case, that the order of nature and the destiny of man are in

such wise, powerful, and merciful hands, that if ye sons of earth could but observe them as we heavenly beings do, you would be lost in gratitude. But if you, in your frail and transitory existence, do not exactly perceive how two or three links, which are joined to thousands of others in the chain of the eternal purposes, are connected, you must not straightway imagine that the whole chain is broken, and that, perchance, there does not exist a Supreme Being, who holds its last coil in His hands."

THE PARCHMENT.

(A PERGAMEN.)

A MAN, who prided himself on his noble descent, but was heartless and empty-headed, was haughtily pacing up and down the corridors of his mansion, when out of sheer caprice he kicked his slumbering hound.

"Do not injure dogs-skin, master," growled the house-guard, waking up; "for on it are enrolled all your worth and merit."

THE WEATHER PROPHET.

(AZ IDŐ—PROFÉTA.)

"WILL there be rain or wind, old fellow?" asked a shepherd of a jackass, who was braying away.

Long-ears, not being gifted with prophecy, stared at his master with a stupid expression.

"Well! there will be some kind of weather; thus

much I can say, my little master," replied he, at length, with sagacious gravity.

He who does not understand a subject, but still pretends to do so, either wisely keeps silent, or, with words of ambiguous meaning, clears himself before others from a suspicion of his ignorance.

THE SLOE-TREE.

(A KÖKÉNY.)

A SLOE-TREE was displeased because no one picked her fruit.

"Only wait," said she, "till the hoar-frost has nipped my berries."

"You will be less sour then," said the gardener, "but never good."

Misfortunes certainly dismay the evil heart, and old age deadens its power of doing harm, but how rarely do they have the effect of improving it!

THE RIDING-HORSE AND THE APE.

(PARIPA ÉS MAJOM.)

A SADDLED riding-horse once broke loose, and trotted off to the woods; whereupon an ape leapt down from a tree on to the saddle, and caught hold of the reins.

"What: is it my place to carry you, who are the laughing-stock of the whole animal race?" said the proud steed; "why, I only carried my master, because I was forced to do so;"—and he shook the bridle violently in his endeavours to throw his rider.

"But, my good friend," said the fox, who happened to be passing that way; "even an ape can control one, who, being caught, is already under bit and bridle."

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

(A RÓKA ÉS A NYÚL.)

"NEIGHBOUR, I have recommended you to the lion as a courier;" said the fox, standing by the hare's resting-place.

"I only wish you had not recommended me," sighed the latter; "for the lion will think that I have the same cunning disposition as yourself; whilst you, because you have laid me under an obligation, will think yourself entitled to devour my offspring."

THE BELL-WETHER.

(A KOLOMPOS.)

A SHEPHERD was washing his sheep, and had great difficulty in getting them into the stream, until at length the whole flock sprang in after the bell-wether.

"See! how I am respected by this multitude;" said the bell-wether, arrogantly boasting to the shepherd.

"Why! that is only on account of your bell, you dolt;" replied the latter, and he tied the bell to another wether, whereupon the whole flock swam back again after that one.

Vanity in those upon whom office has conferred a dignity, which they themselves do no credit to, is ridiculous; yet when others compliment them, they are often so vain as to forget, that the office is one thing, and the holder of it another.

THE ADVOCATE. (AZ ÜGYVÉD.)

A GREYHOUND was once hunting down a hare, when a wolf suddenly leapt out of a bush in front of them.

"Stop! I want to speak to you," cried he: "let me settle your differences, and perhaps some friendly arrangement may be arrived at between you."

"What do you want from the hare?" he first enquired of the greyhound.

"I want her flesh as my lawful spoil;" replied he, licking his lips.

"Her whole carcase would be too much." "And you; what have you to offer for your ransom?" he then demanded of the trembling hare.

"My whiskers;" replied the latter.

"That is too little, my young friend."

"Then my tail as well."

"Come, something more."

"Well; I do not mind my ears too, if I can only escape."

"You surely cannot make any use of her skin?" asked the wolf of the greyhound, who was now becoming impatient.

"That is not what I want," said the greyhound.

"Well; you must be content, my friend, with half her flesh," said the wolf; "for the other half, according to custom, belongs to the advocate."

THE STORK. (A GÓLYA.)

A STORK was taking her flight over Pest and Buda, and settled upon a tower.

"How magnificent these two cities are!" she exclaimed, looking around her in every direction; "what a number of storks' nests its chimneys would hold!"

"Every man to his own taste!"

Some travellers, returning home, can give a voluble account of the hotels in which they fared well and cheaply; others, where the women were most beautiful and amiable, or the gaming tables best filled.

"Every man to his own taste!"

THE CAT AND THE YELLOW-HAMMER.
(A MACSKA ES A SÁRMÁNY.)

A CAT, jumping at a fly in a window, fell down from the second floor on to the pavement below. A yellow-hammer, commiserating her condition, approached her.

"Poor puss," said the good bird, "I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I hope you have not broken any limb?"

But the rascally creature, having recovered from the shock of her fall, made one spring and seized the poor sympathiser, saying,

"I certainly took a rather long leap for a fly, but for such a meal as a yellow-hammer it was well worth the trouble."

Do not put any confidence in one who is by nature of an evil disposition, even when the hand of misfortune has fallen heavily upon him.

THE GARDENER'S CHILD.

(A KERTÉSZ-GYERMEK.)

"Go, my son," said a sick gardener to his child, "go and gather some good medicinal herbs for me in the garden; they are planted on the left hand side, amongst the flowers."

The inexperienced child went out; and deceived by the thousand attractive colours of the flowers, picked them for his father, and disregarded the salutary herbs which were growing amongst them in obscurity. He then prepared a drink for his sick father from the plants which he had gathered, and thereby caused his death.

Writers of Romance; forget not the moral in your search after the flowers of rhetoric.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

(RITKA NÁSZ.)

Hunger celebrated his marriage, and took for his wife, Poverty.

"How in the world do you intend to pass your life?" enquired Thirst.

"We shall supply the place of musicians," said the husband; "my wife will sing melancholy songs, and I shall accompany her with groans."

"Then there is nothing else wanting," said Thirst, "but that you should dwell in my service; I will answer for it, that your progeny will be numerous."

CONSPICUOUSNESS. (KITŰNÉS.)

A DOVE was boasting to her companions, who were picking up grains of seed at the same spot, of her snow-white plumage, which made her conspicuous amongst the whole group. Whilst she was still continuing to boast, a hungry hawk cast its eye upon the group, and at once bore directly down towards the vain bird, as being the surest mark. In vain did the unfortunate creature turn round and round in the most adroit manner; the bird of prey failed not in its aim, its eye being surely guided by the white colour; he seizes upon his booty, and begins to pluck its feathers:—

"Oh, fool that I am," sighs the dove at her last gasp; "now I see how much safer it is to be undistinguished in a crowd, than to be conspicuous in its midst."

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD.

(A FARKAS ÉS A JUHÁSZ.)

A PITILESS murrain had exterminated a shepherd's flock. A wolf heard of it, and came to condole with the shepherd.

"Shepherd," said he, "is it really true, that such a severe misfortune has befallen your animals? I hear that your whole flock has perished; poor, harmless, beautiful, fat sheep; my very soul within me weeps me at the thought of their destruction."

"I thank you, my good Mr. Sharptooth, for your cordial sympathy. What a compassionate heart you have!"

"Ah!" said the dog, "but that is doubtless because he himself suffers loss through his neighbour's misfortune."

THE APE AND THE FOX.

(A MAJOM ÉS A RÓKA.)

"TELL me," said the boastful ape to the fox, "is there any one among the nobler animals, whom I am not able to imitate?"

But the fox replied:

"Do you rather tell me, what creature is there so ignoble, as to consider it worth his while to imitate you!"

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

(A FÜLEMILE ÉS A SZENTJÁNOS-BOGÁR.)

A GLOW-WORM was flitting to and fro on a still summer night. With ridiculous self-complacency it continually admired its own brilliancy, and boastingly said:

"Certainly, I am the most beautiful creature under heaven. The sun and moon are my rival competitors; and the kings of the earth only regard precious stones for this reason, that in brightness they resemble me."

On a neighbouring branch warbled a nightingale, who, observing her bright prey, and being led by its sparkling light, flew towards it and devoured the proud insect.

The girl on whose face lilies and roses are opening, if she be discreet, will conceal her charms from the world's turmoil.

THE SPRING AND THE WATER-PIPE.

(A FORRÁS ÉS A CSÁTORNA.)

A TRAVELLER fainting from the heat of the sun, found under a rock a cool spring, which infused fresh life into all his veins, and he gratefully parted from it. He arrived at the town, where on the piazza the fountains rose from the superb marble towards the clouds. The water-pipe beneath his feet thus addressed him :

"The water which thou drinkest is the cool water of that spring under the rock, and I have brought it hither."

"The spring issuing from the rock was refreshing, cool and pure, whilst this has thy resinous flavour ; " replied the traveller.

Original talent is rare ! Our boasted merits are too often borrowed from others.

LIFE. (AZ ÉLET.)

AN ALLEGORY.

Life is like a car, whose every wheel runs in a separate rut. Death draws it onwards. Hope strives to retard its progress. Passion is the driver, who, cracking his whip, urges its course. Love and Friendship mutually embracing, sit within and blow charming soap bubbles in the air. Desire occupies much space, and burdens himself with whatever he can pick up by the way. An ever-changing form hovers above those who sit within, who are incessantly clutching at it, but only its shadow falls on them: this is Happiness. Wisdom as a guide walks before, and would fain light his lamp; but Wilfulness always comes by and extinguishes its flame. Over stumps and shrubs rumbles the car. Should it deviate from its course, it has many advisers, but few helpers; if it sink in a quag, there are plenty to show the road, but to no purpose; for it is now unable to proceed,

and the driver in despair urging it forward, only causes it to sink deeper and deeper in the swamp. Whereupon Love and Friendship get out one after the other, and faithlessly run away, and many clouds following them, they soon vanish entirely from view. The Sciences come now to offer help, but disunited amongst themselves, they often strike the nail in the wrong place, and the car falls to pieces: whereupon Death bursts into loud laughter; and, rising to a mighty form, scatters the whole assemblage.

Only one gentle bright youth struggles still with him, triumphantly wresting from his grasp the torch of destruction; this is Faith. At last arrives a venerable old man, who collects together the scattered fragments, and with them so orders other cars, as to preserve them from untimely falling: this is Experience.

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